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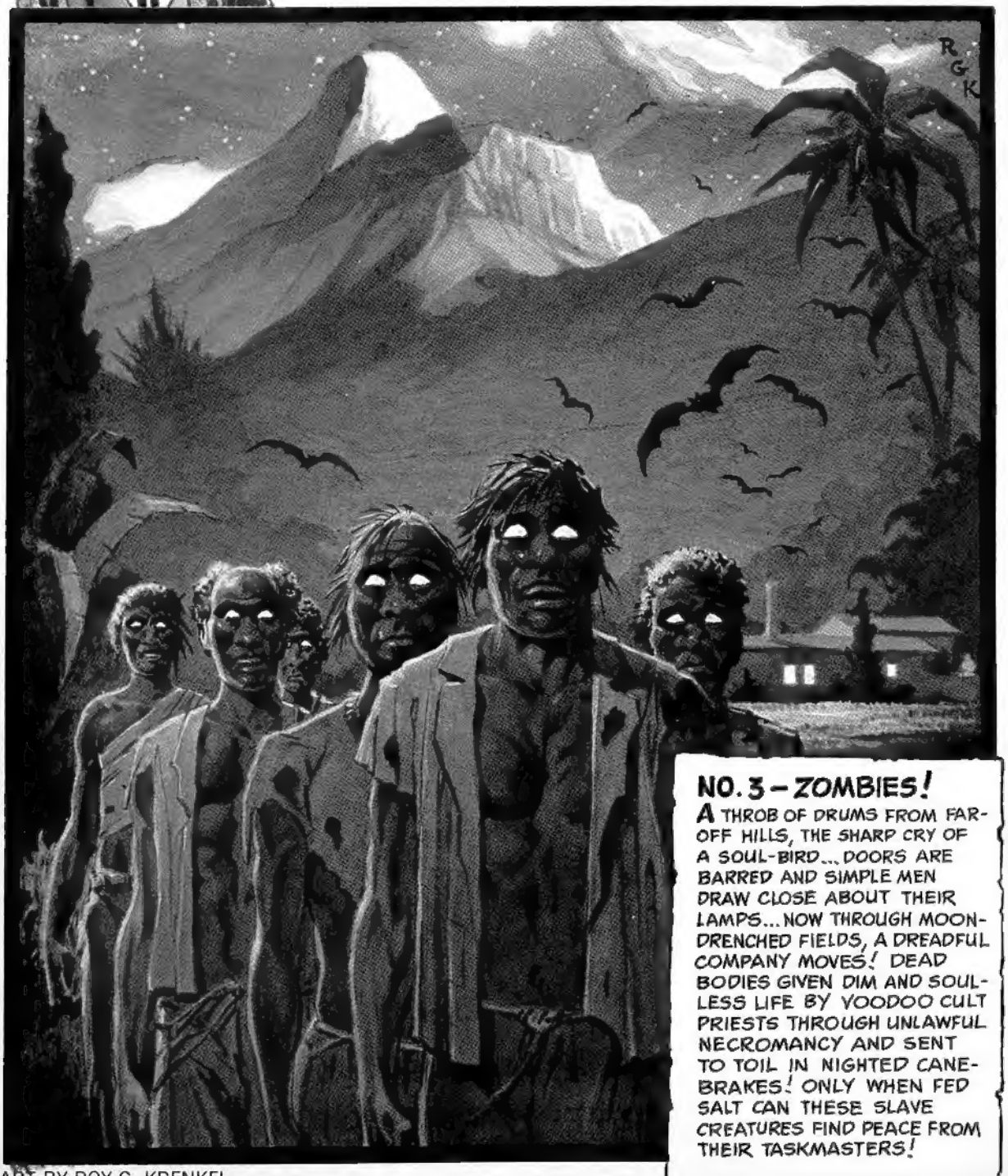

NO. 3 – ZOMBIES!

A THROB OF DRUMS FROM FAR-OFF HILLS, THE SHARP CRY OF A SOUL-BIRD... DOORS ARE BARRED AND SIMPLE MEN DRAW CLOSE ABOUT THEIR LAMPS... NOW THROUGH MOON-DRENCHED FIELDS, A DREADFUL COMPANY MOVES! DEAD BODIES GIVEN DIM AND SOULLESS LIFE BY VOODOO CULT PRIESTS THROUGH UNLAWFUL NECROMANCY AND SENT TO TOIL IN NIGHTED CANEBRAKES! ONLY WHEN FED SALT CAN THESE SLAVE CREATURES FIND PEACE FROM THEIR TASKMASTERS!

ART BY ROY G. KRENKEL

EERIE

NOV. 1968

NO. 18

PUBLISHER: JAMES WARREN **EDITOR:** BILL PARENTE

COVER: TOM SUTTON **ARTISTS THIS ISSUE:** TONY WILLIAMSUNE, JERRY GRANDENETTI, AL WILLIAMSON, JAY TAYCEE, SAL TRAPANI, TOM SUTTON

WRITERS THIS ISSUE: JAY TAYCEE, ARCHIE GOODWIN

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DEAR COUSIN EERIE

First off I'd like to tell you that you and your skinny Uncle are really making your mark! Issue #16 was FAB! "Dracula's Guest" was very well adapted and illustrated and Frank Bolle should get a good nip-in-the-neck for it. "Big Time Operator" was ridiculous and had terrible art. You can surely do better than that! "Sara's Forest" on the other hand was quite interesting but I thought "Ahead Of The Game" was just a little silly and much too bloody. And I always thought you were such a meek guy.

DOUG VENCILL
North Platte, Nebraska

Too bady you didn't digest our disastrous drippings Doug . . . but I'll pass along your quip about a nip at the next hearty arterie party we have. Mr. Bolle will be glad to hear about your biting blessing but you'll have to sink your sentiments into him yourself. The last "rank" who drank Frank . . . ruined his pulmonary tank piercing him with praise.

Would you believe, I knew you'd come through and start giving us some real quality again? New material and your new editor have saved you from a horrible fate. As for your new features, they were clearly needed. The Fan Fare page is boss! Very sad to hear of Rocco Mastroserio's passing, he was one of those few from the first era of EERIE who stayed on to help his friends in need. I was glad to see that Roger Brand can write. His art is not done as well as his writing. One last thing, your covers are a problem. All that lettering detracted from the cover itself. Being a simple arrangement, the value wasn't lost however. Let's see more advanced covers from Vic Prezio and Barry Rockwell. Barry's a better shader than Vic, but Prezio is a stickler for details. About the only thing left is to get that staff artists list back on the contents page. With that in mind I can only add, long live the new era of EERIE!

CARL GAFFORD
New Milford, Conn.

What fate could rate more hate than my excruciating editor fella . . . If you think MY features needed something new . . . you ought to take a sneak peek at HIS frazzling face . . . YECCHHHH!

You made a plea for help in EERIE #15 pertaining to the story in issue #12, "Nor Custom, Stale". After much research I have I think, discovered the meaning of the title. As you remember, the tale dealt with a lady rather reluctant to stay dead. The title is really very fitting and undoubtably comes from a quotation taken from the play, "Antony and Cleopatra" by Shakespeare. The complete phrase reads; "Age cannot wither her nor custom stale her infinite variety". As you can see, the author was right.

DON WREGE
Louisville, Ky.

A nod of my napping noggin to you Don . . . decent of you to drop me the low-down on our deteriorated damsel. Unfortunately . . . she's wasted away wondering what all the dithering about her withering was about . . . but thanx just the same.

It looks like EERIE and CREEPY are on their way again. I just finished EERIE #16 and was very surprised at the rapid advances you're making. While you're bringing back a little of the class your magazine used to have, why not go all the way and give us a front cover that looks like a masterpiece? Barry Rockwell seems to have an interesting style but I'd like to see more of his work before I really make up my mind about him. The adaptation of "Dracula's Guest" was very dry I thought, Frank Bolle's art isn't very exciting or was it all that text which seemed to cramp the story? Bridwell's "Big Time Operator" had a flimsy plot and a poor ending but I enjoyed Ric Estrada's work. It reminded me a little of Harvey Kurtzman in his earlier days. The other stories were good, in particular "The Monument". Alex Toth is out of this world. The biggest surprise of all was the EERIE Fan Fare page. While it was a shock to learn of Rocco Mastroserio, I'm sure he would have liked to know he is remembered and thought of a vividly as your memoriam suggested. It was a most befitting eulogy. Except for the tragic news, it seems to me that this feature will get even bigger than CREEPY's Fan Club. I especially thought that the fan artwork was outstanding. All things said, it looks like I'll have to change my mind about breaking the EERIE habit, see to it that I never do.

PHILIP BEST
Galveston, Indiana

If you were "Dracula's Guest"... Best . . . you'd be a bit dry too buddy! Or haven't you heard he's a stinker of a drinker? About dropping my mag . . . try it mister and much more than your mind will get mauled!

If Uncle CREEPY thinks he's going to stay on top, he'd better take another look at your mag. Issue #16 brought back a glimmer of hope and the stories were all good. The new material added that famous touch of terror to EERIE once more although I can't say I really cared for Barry Rockwell's cover. His style is kind of crude. By the way is he any relation to Norman Rockwell? Best story this ish was "Ahead Of The Game", too bad Joe Orlando did such a poor job on the art, I've seen him do much better. The letters column this issue was a riot! Where do you get your ideas from Cousin, I gotta hand it to you the way you cough up those snide remarks. One thing is bothering me, what ever happened to the stories about true gothic horrors? It's not that I don't enjoy other types of terror stuff but a good monster yarn every now and then keeps my blood from clotting. EERIE Fan Fare is really a great idea and should be a smash with the readers. By the way, who did the fabulous artwork for the Monster Gallery, you didn't write in a credit? Also what happened this issue, no stories by Bill Parente? Is CREEPY keeping him all to himself or are you afraid now that you've unlocked his cage, he might go wild!

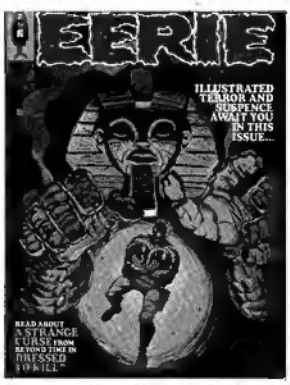
HAROLD FERRIS
Mineola, Ga.

Appalling Parente is still a prisoner in CREEPY's putrid parchment penitentiary . . . but since you've complained about only ONE "thing" bothering you . . . he's mustering up a monster menagerie that'll really make your mind move around . . . and around . . . and around . . . O.K. Ferris?

Thought I'd take time to dash off a line about your latest effort, EERIE #16. The cover was a magnificent achievement, kudos to the talented Barry Rockwell. However, the jacket has assumed a state of near gaudiness with those horrid pink, yellow and orange blurbs stunting it's surface. It's almost like painting a mustache on the Mona Lisa. I was glad to see the reappearance of the Monster Gallery, it read more like a page of CREEPY's Loathsome Lore though. As far as the stories go, "Dracula's Guest" was excellent and "Big Time Operator", outside of being very high in story content, taught me more about mythical beasts than I had ever known. The art however was sadly lacking, Tom Sutton would've done this better. "Sara's Forest proved Roger Brand a skillful writer and Tony Williamsune's art was excellent. So glad to see EERIE Fan Fare, yet saddened at the passing of Roco Mastroserio, one of my favorites. Noticed you're cutting down on the reprints, that's an improvement. Perhaps soon your editor Bill Parente will surprise us with a bundle of originals?

TOM PREHODA
Schenectady, N. Y.

I dunno' Tom . . . the last bundle of brainwork our bungling book snook brought me . . . rattled! You never can tell what babbling Bill is going to "dig" up . . . maybe he'll toss you a moan bone of his own to groan at next issue . . . arf arf!



TOM SUTTON'S COVER OF EERIE #17

Ooops . . . looks like your confused Cousin just wasn't buzzin' . . . gore group. The pang gang here at my fang hang out tell me I do-do a boo-boo. Seems I sloppily slipped up and substituted Bashing Barry Rockwell's name for cover credit on our insidious issue #17. My goof gremlins . . . the honor should have gone to donor Tom Sutton . . . another of our dutiful doom designers. Sorry Tom and is my face . . . red.

Want to write us?
Address your poison pen letters to:
EERIE LETTERS, Dept. 18
22 E. 42nd St., N.Y.C. 10017

ART BY SAL TRAPANI/SCRIPT BY JAMES HAGGENMILLER

...AND SO... WHILE THESE OTHER DOCUMENTS ALL CONFIRM ITS HISTORICAL LOCATION... THIS MAP TELLS A DIFFERENT STORY.
EVEN SO GORDON... THE WHOLE IDEA IS ABSURD/ FOUNTAIN OF YOUTH...REALLY... AREN'T YOU ACTING A BIT MIDIEVAL HOPING IT REALLY EXISTS?
SUPPOSE IT DID...WHAT WOULD OUR CHANCES OF FINDING IT BE? WHY FOR ALL WE KNOW... THAT MAP YOU HAVE MAY BE NOTHING BUT A FAKE. NOTHING BUT A MYTH...
BUT WHAT IF IT WERE TRUE... WE'D BE RICH! IMAGINE HAVING SOMETHING THAT WILL KEEP YOU YOUNG...FOREVER...
SUPPOSEDLY WHEN THE FOUNTAIN WAS DISCOVERED...WORD WAS SENT BACK OF ITS EXACT LOCATION. SINCE THEN...NO ONE HAS BEEN ABLE TO FIND IT
YOU MEAN IT ISN'T WHERE DE LEON SAID IT WAS?
EXACTLY! THIS MAP WAS FOUND IN AN OLD SHIPWRECK NEAR FLORIDA AFTER STUDYING IT...
...YOU SEEM TO FEEL THAT THE REAL FOUNTAIN IS...
...HERE... IN THE EVERGLADES/ IF WE COULD FIND WHAT OLD PONCE DID...THINK WHAT IT WOULD MEAN HAVING A TREASURE LIKE THAT...
EVERGLADES
A FOUNTAIN WHOSE WATERS ARE WORTH THE WEIGHT OF EACH DROP... IN GOLD! WE'LL MAKE A FORTUNE IF... WHEN WE FIND IT...
THEN I TAKE IT WE HAVE A DEAL... GENTLEMEN?

SO BEGAN THEIR JOURNEY... THREE MEN IN SEARCH OF A LEGENDARY FOUNTAIN... AND IT'S GOLDEN PROMISE OF YOUTH...AND WEALTH!

I SPOTTED A CLEARING BACK THERE WHEN WE FLEW OVER THAT LAST BLACK PATCH OF SWAMP! FROM THE LOOKS OF THINGS... WE OUGHT TO BE ABLE TO LAND THERE...

YES...I SAW IT. FROM THIS MAP... THE LOCATION OF THE FOUNTAIN CAN'T BE VERY FAR FROM THERE. WATCH IT WHEN YOU PUT HER DOWN RYAN... IF WE GET STUCK IN THAT SWAMP ROT... WE MIGHT AS WELL FORGET ABOUT COMING OUT... FOREVER...

I MARKED THE LOCATION OF THE PLANE... JUST IN CASE, THIS GOD FORSAKEN PLACE IS LIKE A LOST CONTINENT

JUST KEEP YOUR EYES OPEN...I WOULDN'T WANT MY HEAD ON THE SPEAR OF SOME SWAMP INDIAN...!

...AND BEING VERY AMBITIOUS... DE LEON FIGURED IF HE FOUND SUCH A FOUNTAIN... HIS FAME WOULD LIVE FOREVER...

SOON... IT WILL BE SOON MY SOLDIERS. WE SHALL FIND THIS WATER... AND ALL SPAIN WILL HONOR US...

THE MEN ARE WEARY... WE MARCH FOR DAYS DE LEON... AND NO SIGN... PERHAPS THIS TALE OF A MAGIC FOUNTAIN IS FALSE...

...SO HE LED HIS MEN HERE... PROBABLY THROUGH THIS STINKING SWAMP... SEARCHING FOR THE KEY TO IMMORTALITY!

A TALE... IMBECILE... LOOK THERE. IN THE CLEARING...!!!

MADRE!.. A FOUNTAIN... JUST AS YOU TOLD US...

DRINK BRAVE SPANIARDS... YOU HAVE EARNED THIS... FOR NOW YOU WILL TRULY STAY YOUNG FOREVER...

...AND THEY SAY DE LEON BUILT THIS MONUMENT OF STATUES AROUND THE FOUNTAIN. CERTAINLY WE WILL KNOW IT IF WE FIND IT
YES...FINDING THAT FOUNTAIN WAS A DREAM FOR HIM... ONE THAT WE WILL MAKE COME TRUE ALL OVER AGAIN...

AS DAWN STREAKED THE GREY HORIZON WITH SLENDER SHAFTS OF TORTURED SUNLIGHT...THE THREE "EXPLORERS" QUICKLY LEARNED THE SUCKING SWAMPLAND HID MANY DANGERS...

...TOO MANY TO NOTICE ALL AT ONCE...
WHAT THE... AAGGHHH...
STANLEY... LOOK OUT... QUICKSAND!

GORDON... RYAN... FOR GOD'S SAKE HELP ME!

STANLEY...GRAB THE ROPE...
CHOKE... I-I-CAN'T REACH IT... I....

TOO BAD ABOUT STANLEY... I'LL BET THAT "DEEP DOWN"... HE NEVER FIGURED HE'D GET "MIXED UP" IN A "DIRTY" DEAL LIKE THAT. SIGH... WELL... MAYBE NOW HELL "SETTLE" DOWN TO SOMETHING MORE SERIOUS... LIKE "DIGGING" FOR "SUNKEN" TREASURE MAYBE...SNICKER..
AT LAST THE SECRET BELONGS TO ME...
YOU WANTED TO SHARE THIS WITH ME...TAKE IT ALL FOR YOURSELF... BUT NOW... THE SECRET IS MINE...
...ALL MINE.....!!!
GASP... GASP... IT... IT WAS ONLY A DREAM... BUT IT SEEMED SO REAL! LIKE IT WAS GOING TO HAPPEN... RYAN... MURDERING ME FOR THE SECRET...I WONDER...

I'VE GOT TO BE...CAREFUL. KEEP MY EYES OPEN... MAYBE HE IS PLANNING SOMETHING. ONCE WE FIND THE FOUNTAIN. WHAT'S TO STOP HIM... BUT I'M NOT GOING TO F..A..L..LL OOOPPP
GORDON.. WATCH IT...
IT LOOKS LIKE SOME KIND OF BURIAL PLACE... A MASS GRAVE NO DOUBT. FROM THE LOOKS OF THESE HELMETS... I'D SAY THESE BONES BELONGED TO SOME SPANISH SOLDIERS...
WE MUST BE VERY CLOSE... IT DOESN'T LOOK AS THOUGH ANYONE ELSE WAS HERE BEFORE. AT LEAST NOT IN THE LAST... FOUR HUNDRED YEARS!
IF THIS MAP IS ACCURATE... AND THIS COMPASS IS STILL WORKING... IN A FEW MORE MILES WE'LL FIND OUT ONCE AND FOR ALL...
...IF WE'RE GOING TO BECOME FAMOUS OR JUST A COUPLE OF FOOLS. HERE... GIVE ME YOUR HAND AND WE'LL GO SEE...

BUT TIME HAD PLAYED IT'S LAST JOKE ON HISTORY... AND NOW WITH THE COOL SPRAY OF THE FOUNTAIN ON THEIR FACES... GORDON AND RYAN HAD THE LAST LAUGH...
RYAN'S THINKING THAT MAYBE HE'LL TAKE ALL OF THIS...CHEAT ME! WELL THIS WAS MY IDEA... MY MAP...SO BY RIGHTS IT'S MY...
..FOUNTAIN..!!
HA-HA-HA NOW ALL THIS BELONGS TO ME! TO THINK WHAT PEOPLE WILL PAY FOR THIS...
NO...WHY SHOULD I GIVE THIS SECRET TO ANYONE...WHY SHOULD THEY HAVE THE POWER... OVER LIFE AND DEATH..?
NOW ONLY I WILL REMAIN FOREVER EXACTLY AS I AM...IMMORTAL... FREE TO SPEND ETERNITY AS...
..AS...W... WHAT IS... HAPPENI..N..G ..TO...ME..I...
HIGH ABOVE...ONLY THE SHRIEK OF A HUNGRY SCAVENGER SLASHES THE BLEAK SILENCE... GORDON SHOCKLEY HAS FINALLY FOUND HIS LOST TREASURE
MY GOODNESS...AFTER A "PETRIFYING" EXPERIENCE LIKE THAT... I GUESS OLD GRANITE FACE GORDON WILL THINK TWICE ABOUT "CHISELING" ANYBODY AGAIN. SHAMEFUL GETTING "STONED" LIKE THAT...AND ON ONE DRINK. COULD BE THE STUFF WAS... HARD WATER.... GURGLE...?

ART BY JERRY GRANDENETTI/SCRIPT BY ARCHIE GOODWIN

YOU BET THERE IS! THIS IS EDITH... I DRAGGED HER ALL THE WAY UP FROM THE CITY TO VISIT THE OL' HOMESTEAD. SHE'S MY FIANCE'! NOW QUIT PLAYING DRACULA AND LET US IN!
YOU BROUGHT A GIRL... HERE?
FOR THE FIRST TIME SINCE SHE AND JIM HAD IMPULSIVELY MADE THE DRIVE, EDITH FELT REGRET. BEING INSIDE THE HOUSE DID NOTHING TO RELIEVE THE CHILL SHE FELT, A CHILL BEYOND THE RAIN'S COLD STING..
THAT'S RIGHT, UNCLE BEN! LITTLE JIMMY'S GOING OUT WITH GIRLS NOW... DON'T LET THE SOUR COUNTENANCE FOOL YOU, EDITH, HE'S REALLY A PRETTY LIKABLE OLD COOT!
I'LL RUN THE LUGGAGE UP TO THE ROOMS, GIVE YOU TWO A CHANCE TO GET ACQUAINTED!
MR. HOLLOWAY, I'M REALLY QUITE SORRY TO INTRUDE LIKE THIS ...I WANTED JIM TO LET YOU KNOW AHEAD, BUT HE WOULDN'T HEAR OF IT...
WOULDN'T HAVE MADE ANY DIFFERENCE. THERE'S PLACES I FIGURE NO WOMAN BELONGS... THIS HOUSE IS ONE OF THEM!
IF YOU KNOW WHAT'S GOOD FOR YOU, MISSY, YOU'LL RUN OUTSIDE TO THAT CAR AND LEAVE HERE JUST AS FAST AS YOU POSSIBLY CAN!
THERE! THAT'S OUT OF THE WAY! NOTHING TO DO NOW, BUT RELAX AND ENJOY OURSELVES! RIGHT?

THE EVENING MOVED AT AN AGONIZING SNAIL'S PACE FOR EDITH, TORTURED BY THE MENACING SILENCE OF UNCLE BEN, YET UNABLE TO SPOIL THINGS FOR JIM BY MENTIONING IT. BACK IN THE CITY SHE'D BE ABLE TO TALK WITH HIM, BUT HERE IN THIS HOUSE, SHE FELT HELPLESS, ISOLATED, REMOVED...
I THINK I'M READY TO CALL IT A NIGHT. HOW 'BOUT THE REST OF YOU?
YOUR ROOM'S AT THE HEAD OF THE STAIRS, DARLING. YOU'LL NEED THE LAMP... STORM'S PUT THE ELECTRICITY ON THE BLINK...
WITH A KISS, JIM LEFT HER, AND EDITH STARTED SLOWLY UP THE SHADOW-ENSHROUDED STAIRS, THEN STOPPED. AHEAD OF THE LAMP'S GLOW WAS THE PITCH-BLACK LANDING... SOMETHING ABOUT IT MADE HER HESITATE...
I-IS SOMEONE UP THERE? PLEASE... WHO'S THERE? WHO...
WHO...
EDITH!
DARLING... WHAT'S WRONG?
OH, JIM... THE LANDING ...SOMETHING H-HORRIBLE WAS ON IT...
EEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE

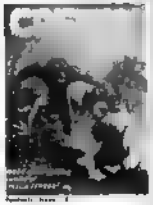
FOR A TIME, TERRIFYING THOUGHTS KEYED HER NERVES, KEPT HER ON EDGE...BUT AT LAST THE TERROR OF HER SURROUNDINGS FLED, HER EYES GREW HEAVY...THEN, THERE WAS A SLIGHT SOUND AT THE DOOR...

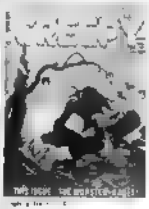
EVEN FROM THE WINDOW, WITH THE NEXT FLASH OF LIGHTNING, EDITH COULD SEE THE LOATHESOME THING THAT HELD UNCLE BEN'S GAZE...SHE COULD SEE IT IN ALL DETAIL, DOWN TO THE LONG STRANDS OF BLONDE HAIR STILL CLINGING TO THE DECAYING SKULL!

THE SHEER HORROR OF PREVIOUS EVENTS MINGLED WITH THE DRIVING WHIRL OF HER OWN TERRIBLE THOUGHTS, ALL BURST FORTH IN ONE LONG CULMINATING SCREAM . . .

EDITH TURNED FROM THE WINDOW, ONE THOUGHT IN HER MIND: RUN! FIND JIM! BUT EVEN AS SHE THOUGHT IT, EVEN AS HER MOUTH FLEW OPEN TO SCREAM, TERROR CLAIMED HER . . . HER KNEES BUCKLED AND SHE SANK DIZZILY INTO OBLIVION . . .

BLA
BLAM!
KA-BLAM!
NOOOOOOOOOOOOO
I-I COULDN'T LET HIM DO IT... NOT THIS TIME...NOT AGAIN! I TRIED TO COVER UP WITH THE FIRST ONE...THE BLONDE...
...ONCE SHE WAS BURIED, HE SEEMED TO FORGET. I THOUGHT I COULD CONTROL HIM AFTER THAT. AWAY FROM HERE, HE WAS FINE. ONLY WHEN HE'D GET SERIOUS, BRING A GIRL HOME, DID IT START TO AFFECT HIM!...
EVEN SO, I ALMOST FAILED TONIGHT... MY SHOTS WOULDN'T HAVE BEEN IN TIME IF HE HADN'T SLIPPED...
...SLIPPED ON SOMETHING IN THE DOORWAY...
...A.. A BLOODSTAIN!
HEH, HEH, ALWAYS NICE TO SEE A CUT-UP LIKE JIM FINALLY SLIP UP...BUT THEN, NOBODY AXED ME!





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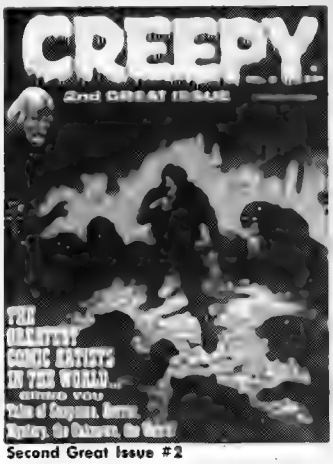

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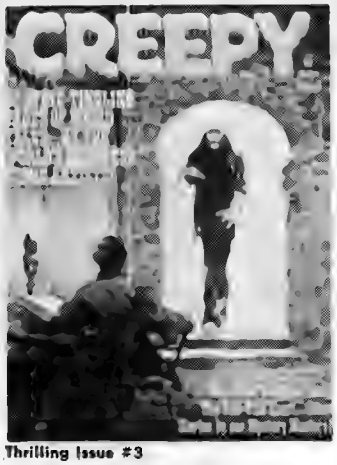

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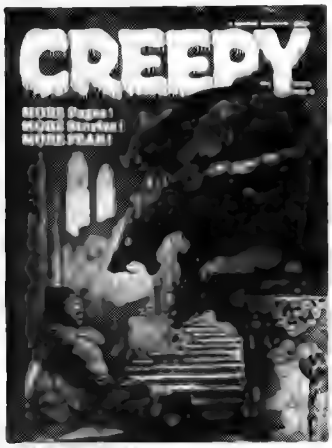

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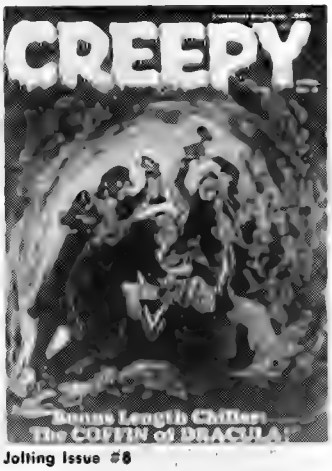

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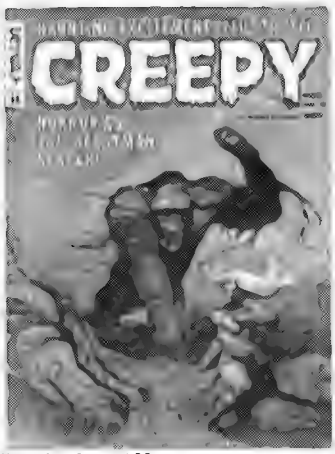

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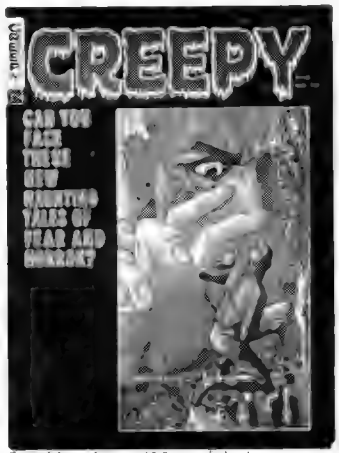
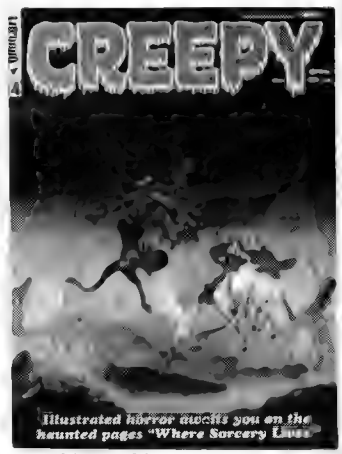


Trembling Issue #12

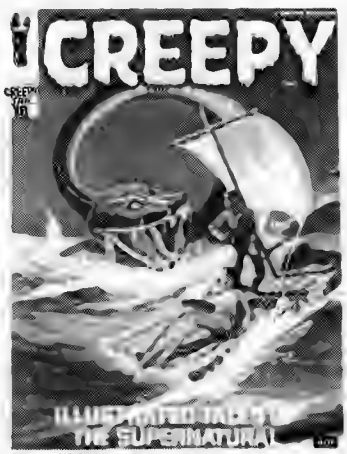
Throbbing Issue #13



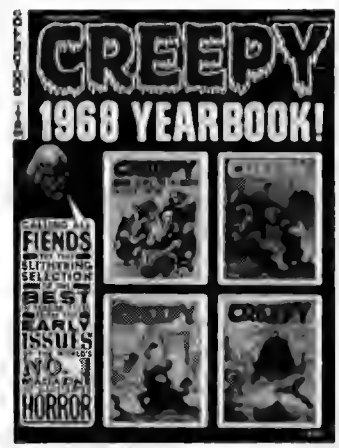
Fearful Issue #14

Blasting Issue #16

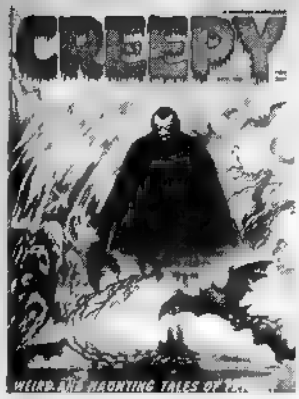
Shivering Issue #17



Incredible Issue #18

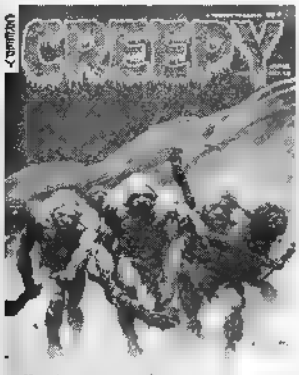


First Creepy Yearbook



Fiendish Issue #5

Tingling Issue #10



Fabulous Issue #15

THIS IS UNCLE CREEPY SPEAKING, FIENDS... SHOWING YOU HOW TO GET CREEPY BACK ISSUES AND WHILE YOU'RE AT IT... USE THE COUPON FOR A SUBSCRIPTION!!!!!

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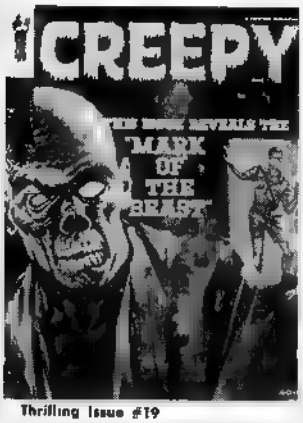
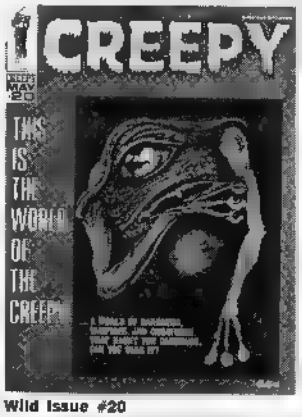


Thrilling Issue #19



Wild Issue #20

COMPLETE YOUR CREEPY COLLECTION NOW! SEND THE COUPON ABOVE FOR EACH BRAIN-BREAKING BACK ISSUE YOU'VE MISSED OF UNCLE CREEPY'S PULSEATING PACKAGE OF TERROR TALES! BUT HURRY... THEY'RE GOING LIKE BLOOD AT A VAMPIRE CONVENTION!

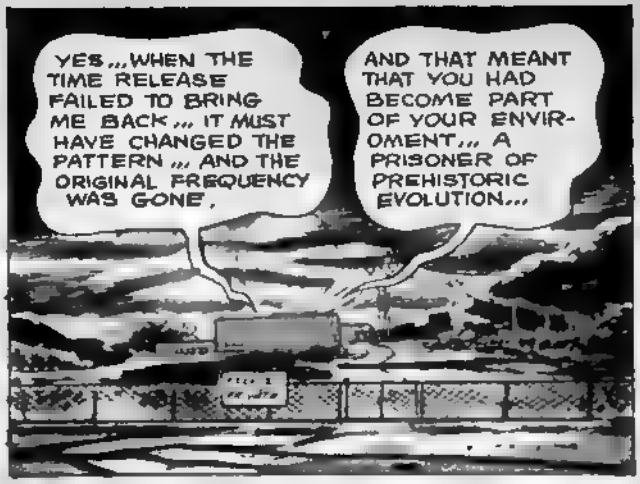
 ART BY TOM SUTTON/SCRIPT BY BILL PARENTE

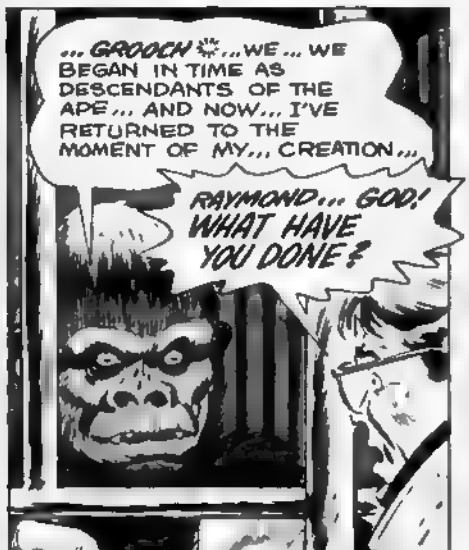
...A TIME MODULATOR! THINK OF IT, FELIX... IN EXACTLY ONE MINUTE WE'LL KNOW...
...WETHER OR NOT WE CAN BROADCAST OBJECTS INTO TIME...
ONCE WE BEGIN TRANSMISSION... THE CLOCK WILL RECORD THE LAPSE ...IN YEARS...
.. AND WHEN THE AUTOMATIC TIME RELEASE BRINGS IT BACK...
...WE CAN DETERMINE HOW FAR BACK WE'VE SENT IT, RAYMOND, LOOK... THE CLOCK IS STARTING TO FADE!
IT'S WORKING FELIX.. IT'S GOING BACK!
ACCORDING TO THIS... THE CLOCK WENT THROUGH FORTY SEVEN YEARS DURING THE TRANSMISSION...
THAT WOULD MEAN... IN ONE HOUR...
WE ARE CAPABLE OF TRANSMITTING AN OBJECT... 170,000 YEARS INTO THE PAST!!
INCREDIBLE!
FELIX AND I HAD FINALLY PERFECTED A METHOD OF TIME TELE-PORTATION... USING THE PRINCIPLE OF WAVE LENGTHS...
ONLY WITH YOUR MACHINE OBJECTS WERE BROADCAST IN DECIBELS OF ...TIME!

"WE EXPERIMENTED FOR ANOTHER MONTH... RECHECKING OUR CALCULATIONS... EVEN USING A TEST ANIMAL ONCE, FINALLY WE WERE READY..."
THE CONTROLS ARE SET FOR TWELVE HOURS... PLENTY OF TIME FOR US TO TAKE PICTURES AND GATHER INFORMATION...
...AND... TAKE A LITTLE TRIP ALMOST TWO MILLION MILES INTO THE PAST!
THERE GOES THE MODULATOR, RAYMOND... WE'RE BEING TRANSMITTED BACK...
BE READY FOR ANYTHING WHEN WE GET THERE, FELIX...
OOOFF... FELIX... GOOD LORD... LOOK AT THAT!!
DINOSAURS. LET'S GO BEFORE THEY SPOT US...
BLAM! BLAM! BLAM!
THEIR MINDS BURSTING WITH THE VISION OF THEIR CLOSE ESCAPE... RAYMOND AND FELIX SUDDENLY REALIZED THAT TIME... ONCE SUPREME RULER OF THE UNIVERSE... HAD NOW BECOME THE PUPPET OF MANKIND!

WE'D TRAVELED THROUGH ANOTHER UNIVERSE... REACHED OURSELVES INTO THE DIMENSION OF TIME ITSELF...
HURRY IT A BIT FELIX ... WE'LL HAVE TO BE STARTING BACK SOON...
JUST A FEW MORE RAYMOND...
FELIX... LOOK OUT..
KKKAKKOOMKKK!
WHAA...!!
BLAM!
BEFORE IT HAD FALLEN DEAD AT RAYMOND'S FEET... THE BEAST HAD FOUND IT'S MARK...
OHHH... UHHHH.. OHHHH..
FELIX ... CAN YOU HEAR ME, FELIX?
HE'S DELERIOUS... I'LL HAVE TO CARRY HIM BACK TO THE SPOT...
THE RELEASE WILL GO OFF IN ANOTHER FEW MINUTES... I'VE GOT TO GET FELIX TO A HOSPITAL...
SOMETHING'S WRONG! WE SHOULD HAVE BEEN PULLED BACK TEN MINUTES AGO... IF THERE'S BEEN A MALFUNCTION ... HOW WILL I EVER RETURN !!!

I WAITED FOR TWO HOURS... STILL NOTHING HAPPENED. IT BEGAN TO GET DARK SO I CARRIED FELIX BACK TO THE CAVE...
FELIX NEVER RECOVERED FROM HIS WOUNDS... HE'D LOST TOO MUCH BLOOD. I BURIED HIM IN THOSE STINKING SWAMPS BACK THERE... SOMEWHERE IN TIME...
BLAM! BLAM! BLAM!
WHEN THE AMMUNITION RAN OUT... I BEGAN SURVIVING LIKE THE PREHISTORIC CREATURES I HAD BEEN TRAPPED WITH...
FATE HAD SPUN A TIMELESS PRISON AROUND ME... A HOPELESS TRAP OF DESTINY... LOST IN THE UNIVERSE OF ANOTHER WORLD!
AS ALL MEANING LOST ITSELF IN FADED MOMENTS I COULD BARELY REMEMBER... I BEGAN VISITING THE PLACE FELIX AND I HAD ARRIVED AT... THEN ONE DAY...
WHAAAA
I'M BACK! ... THE TIME RELEASE... IT MUST HAVE GONE OFF.. GOD! ... WHAT'S HAPPENED!!!





DOCTOR RAYMOND DUBARTON HAD CONQUERED ETERNITY... AND ERASED HIS OWN EXISTENCE IN THE MYSTERIOUS EVOLUTION OF TIME, NOW IN THE FINAL MOMENT OF HIS DESTINY... A WILD SCREAM ECHOED HIS JOURNEY'S END... RAMOND DUBARTON HAD LOST HIS RACE WITH TIME./

SCREECH... SEE WHAT'LL HAPPEN WHEN YOU GO "APE" AND START "MONKEYING" AROUND WITH NATURE... GIGGLE... GUESS RAYMOND FIGURED HE'D "CHEETA" LITTLE AND SWING WITH THE TIMES... TOO BAD... NOW WHAT'S HE GONNA "ZOO"...

EERIE FAN FARE

Slime time HATE MATES . . . so choose your ooze while I muddle your memory with some MIND MANGLING MANIA from those mischievous MENACE MEMBERS . . .

Being born during a blizzard seems to have been a boon to BLISTERING BARRY ROCKWELL . . . ever since then he's been drawing up a flurry of sight storming sketchery! This chilling craftsman from Medford, Massachusetts began his icy infancy by covering the walls of his "igloo" with an assortment of shivering scribblings. When his family moved to Long Island, N.Y. RATTLING ROCKWELL continued to scrawl his all in snowy white chalk across the sanctuary of his front stoop sidewalk. Unfortunately his unimpressed public seemed more anxious to cover his creative feats with a few feet of their own, rather than recognize his toddling talent. Undaunted,

our frosty freshman finished his scholastic sleigh ride through high school and then enrolled in the School of the Museum of Fine Arts at Boston. After two months of shaking study, his mania for painting melted and our tuckered trooper tromped home to thaw out his tangles. He skated through a few sessions at the Art Students League in New York and hibernated in an electronics firm before finding refuge at the School of Visual Arts, studying for two years under the brilliant Burne Hogarth. Currently, MIND BENDING BARRY is doom droodling exclusively for EERIE and CREEPY although he hopes to keep his career snowballing by anticipating as many areas of the art world as possible. Our masterful magic-marker man (most of his artwork is done with just that) tells us that besides Hogarth, Angelo Torres and Neal Adams have been impressive inspirations in helping him break the ice into "pro" illustrating. You'll be seeing a lot of Barry in future issues and all of us eskimos are thrilled to be chilled by his skill. We know all's well that end well with ROCKWELL!

Demon draftsman GREG VOLPERT, Manhattan, Kansas sends us this sensational spell sketch of smoldering sorcery. Looks like his wily old wizard has really whipped up a wicked wonder this time . . . from the look of "things" maybe our mad magician might be wise to watch his magical messing around!

Here's a hunk of hypnotic horror that'll give anyone a haunting headache. Fear peer GARY MEYERS, of South Gate, California assures us that his haw-eyed hallucination isn't really hostile . . . it's just that he only has eyes for you!

Shriek seeker THOMAS PREHODA, from Schenectady, N. Y. casts his lore line overboard and comes up with this frazzling . . .

FISH STORY

The ocean was angry, he could sense the temper in the surging depths. He could feel the danger in the violent waves that rocked the little craft back and forth. Where was he? He tried remembering his narrow escape from the burning ocean liner. His provisions were all but gone, but he had the book. Yes . . . the book. He couldn't recall how he had managed to salvage it, but it had saved his sanity. He had combed over the pages time and again, reading, re-reading. Now he feared it would be his undoing. It told of a huge sea monster and since he cringed wildly at each ripple in the water, every shadow that glided silently beneath the greenish waves. In this storm he knew if such creatures existed, the churning ocean might stir them . . . and then. In moments the full fury of the typhon would engulf him and his mind trembled at the realization. When the sky opened, spewing forth the deluge, icy breakers slashing at the sides of the boat, his brain pulsed in fear. He doubted he would make it . . . not this time! Then a patch of black shuddered beneath him and suddenly a monstrous thing, born of the storm, crashed out of the water. Writhing, weaving it crashed against him splintering the small boat into bits. He must keep his sanity . . . even as his finger dug into the slick, black hide, slicing madly at this devilish beast with his gleaming knife. As the inky serpent raised a huge head above him for the final strike, he sensed that this was the end.

Many miles west of the storm, passengers on another luxury liner danced gaily in the setting sunlight. They never heard the radio report of the typhoon nor did they learn until much later about the strange incident. Strange indeed for a man had been found, babbling incoherently slashing insanely at a transatlantic cable the storm had upheaved . . . and wrapped around him, miraculously saving him from being drowned!

FAN FARE FUN

Hey gang . . . want to contribute your art or stories to your leary COUSIN EERIE for his FAN FARE page? Drop him some devastating doodles!
Send your trash to:
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PERK UP YOUR POINTED LITTLE EARS *MERRY MONSTERS* HEAR THE SOUNDS? THE CHATTER AND SCREECH OF TROPICAL BIRDS... THE SWISHING STROKE AND HACK OF MACHETES... THE WHINE AND BUZZING OF GNATS AND MOSQUITOS... THE LOW MUTTERING AND CURSING OF DESPERATE MEN ABOUT TO BE PITTED AGAINST ENOUGH NO *HORROR* IN...

THE JUNGLE

ART BY AL WILLIAMSON/SCRIPT BY ARCHIE GOODWIN

YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE DONE IT, LEO! WHY D YOU HAFTA SHOOT THE WITCH DOCTOR? HE WAS READY TO BARGAIN..
DUTCH'S RIGHT! THEM CHAVANTES AIN'T GONNA LET US GET OUTTA THIS JUNGLE! YOU AN' YOUR TEMPER...
SHUDDUP, WYATT! WE'VE GOT A GOOD START! NO INDIAN'S HOOKIN' ME OUTTA THE PRICE THESE SHRUNKEN HEADS WILL BRING IN THE CITY!
THE AMAZON JUNGLE! AMID ITS DENSITY OF UNEXPLORED GREENNESS, THE PROUD, PRIMITIVE CHAVANTES FISH, HUNT, BATTLE AND, SOMETIMES MOURN...
THE WHITE MEN MUST PAY! YOU WILL BE AVENGED...OUR HUNTING PARTIES BAR THEIR FLIGHT TO THE RIVER AND THEIR BOAT!
BUT THEY FLEE NORTH ON FOOT...
IT DOES NOT MATTER! I STILL DIE IN PEACE... FOR IF OUR WARRIORS CANNOT GET THEM...
...THE JUNGLE SHALL!
@!#%$!! BUGS! IT'S MADNESS! WE CAN'T HACK OUR WAY OUTTA HERE! NOT CLEAR INTO COLOMBIA!
YOU HEAR ME, LEO? WE CAN'T GO ON LIKE THIS! AT LEAST WE GOTTA STOP... REST...
AND WIND UP WITH OUR HEADS ON A CHAVANTES SPEAR, SHRIVELED LIKE THE ONES IN THIS BAG? LET GO AND KEEP MOVIN', WYATT!
YOU HEAR ME? I SAID LET GO!
WHONK!

YAHHHHHH!!!
BUSHMASTER!
THOSE BABIES ARE DEADLY... NO SNAKE'S MORE VENOMOUS!
TH-WHACK!
LEO! DUTCH! DO SOMETHIN'! YOU GOTTA HELP ME...THERE MUST BE SOMETHIN'...
WHY SURE WYATT...THERE'S ALWAYS SOMETHING...
LIKE THIS!
BLAM!!
LEO!
THE JUNGLE'S VASTNESS SWALLOWED THE SOUND OF THE SHOT...BIRDS SETTLED BACK ON THEIR PERCHES AND RESUMED THEIR WHISTLES AND CALLS...LEO PUSHED FORWARD, NOT LOOKING BACK...
DID YOU HAFTA DO THAT? COULDN'T WE HAVE--
NO! IN THE JUNGLE, ONE MISTAKE AND YOU'RE FINISHED! WATTA YOU THINK THEM INDIANS ARE TAKIN' THEIR TIME FOR? ONLY THIS JUNGLE AIN'T GETTIN' ME!

THE MOCKING CHATTER OF MONKEYS ACCOMPANIED EACH MUSCLE-TORTURING SWING OF THEIR MACHETES ...HOURS DRAINED BY AS THEY INCHED THROUGH THE DARK UNDERGROWTH, UNTIL...
WHAT NOW? TOO WIDE TO JUMP...
DOESN'T LOOK SWIFT. START ACROSS.. WE CAN WADE IT!
NOT LIKELY, LEO! BEEN THINKIN' ON WHAT YOU SAID ABOUT THE JUNGLE...LET'S SEE HOW IT WORKS OUT WITH YOU GOING FIRST ..
NEVER WERE TOO TRUSTIN', EH, DUTCH? AWRIGHT! HERE GOES..
...NOTHIN'!
AS DUTCH HIT THE SURFACE OF THE WATER, THE STREAM AROUND HIM SEEMED TO COME TO LIFE ...FROTHING, BOILING, SEETHING WITH FRANTIC, TERRIBLE MOTION...
EEE-AAHHHHHH!!
PIRANHAS! OUGHTTA LOOK BEFORE YOU LEAP, DUTCH...THEY'LL STRIP A MAN CLEAN OF FLESH IN MINUTES!
THE VICIOUS TIDE OF CANNIBAL FISH SWEPT OVER THEIR PREY TURNING THE FOAMING WATER INTO A FOUNTAIN OF CRIMSON...
GOOD OL' DUTCH! KEPT 'EM BUSY LONG ENOUGH FOR ME TO MAKE IT ACROSS ...AIN'T NOTHIN' STOPPIN' ME NOW!

SOMEWHERE ABOVE THE OCEAN OF TREES AND PLANTS SURROUNDING LEO, THE AFTERNOON SUN PULSED BRIGHTLY, IT'S HEAT FILTERING DOWN THROUGH LAYERS OF LEAVES AND SHADE...
HEE, HEE... GOT IT MADE! JUST KEEP CHOPPIN' AWAY, I'LL BE IN THE CLEAR IN NO TIME!
THE DANKNESS GREW MORE INTENSE... A CLOUD OF MOSQUITOS HOVERED CONSTANTLY AROUND LEO'S HEAD, THEIR NEVER-ENDING BUZZING GRADUALLY BECOMING MORE AND MORE ACUTE TO HIS EARS...
BLASTED VINES SEEM TO GET TOUGHER... THICKER... HARD TO CHOP THROUGH...
PERSPIRATION BEADED THICK ON HIS FOREHEAD, THEN RUSHED IN STICKY RIVULETS DOWN HIS FACE, SPLASHING AT HIS EYES, AND ONTO HIS ALREADY SOAKED, WRETCHEDLY CLINGING SHIRT...
☆#*!@#!!! IT! NEVER SAW ANYTHING LIKE THIS RUINED MY #*!@!!! MACHETE!
EACH STEP BECAME TORTUROUS AND DIFFICULT... THE FOLIAGE TWISTED AND CLUNG, SNAGGING AND PULLING...CAPTURING NOW A FOOT, NOW A LEG, NOW AN ARM...
CAN HARDLY MOVE IN THIS STUFF... BETTER BACK UP... FIND THE TRAIL THROUGH...

LEO TURNED TO GO BACK, PULLING MORE VINES CONSTRICTINGLY TIGHT...EACH TWIST, EACH PULL SEEMED TO BRING HIM IN CONTACT WITH ONE MORE GRASPING VERDANT RUNNER...
I CAN'T MOVE! LET GO! LEMME OUT OF HERE! LET ME OUT!
THE SACK DROPPED FROM HIS HAND AS LEO FOUGHT AND FLAILED AT THE ENTANGLING GREEN TENDRILS HOPELESSLY PULLING THE WEB OF VEGETATION TIGHTER...TIGHTER...
N-NOOOO... CHOKING... CAN'T BREATHE... GAGHHHHHH
ONE HOUR LATER, A CHAVANTES HUNTING PARTY STARED IN SILENCE AT LEO... A SLIGHT BREEZE CAUSED THE VINES TO STIR THE BODY PUPPET-LIKE...SOMEWHERE, THE WITCH DOCTOR COULD BE SATISFIED...THE JUNGLE HAD NOT FAILED HIM!
POOR LEO! SHOULDN'T LET HIS PERSONAL LIFE GET SO ENTANGLED...I'VE HEARD OF GUYS BEING STUCK WITH *CLINGING VINES*, BUT THIS IS RIDICULOUS! OH WELL, SINCE LEO'S ALL TIED UP, BETTER TAKE YOUR MACHETE AND CHOP INTO MY NEXT *TERROR-TALE!*

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ART BY JOE ORLANDO/SCRIPT BY ARCHIE GOODWIN

Did our FEARFUL FORWARD leave you thirsting for more blood, RABID READERS? Then get ready to sink your fangs into the rest of this HEART-POUNDER and find out what's at stake for the...
VAMPIRE SLAYER!
WOK!
"THE BALEFUL RED-RIMMED EYES POPPED OPEN AS THE ANCIENT LID CRASHED TO THE FLOOR, A MASK OF HATRED COVERING THE PALE· BLOATED FACE... MY SWEATING PALM CLENCHED THE MALLET, AND I DROVE THE STAKE HOME!!!"

A MOMENTARY SILENCE FELL OVER THE EVENING DINERS AT THE CAPTAIN'S TABLE ON THE LINER "BUDAPEST"...
... WITH THE STROKE, VRYOLAK'S BODY CRUMBLED INTO THE DUST IT SHOULD HAVE BEEN A CENTURY AGO! THE SCENE IS FOREVER ETCHED IN MY MIND...
AMAZING, BARON ALEXI! UTTERLY AMAZING!
I'VE SINCE DEVOTED MY LIFE TO THE PURSUIT OF THE UNDEAD... SEEKING THE VAMPIRE OUT WHERE EVER THEY ARE FOUND... AND DESTROYING THEM!
I SALUTE YOU, MY DEAR BARON! I FIND YOUR WORK MOST ADMIRABLE...
NO...
... IT'S ALL FILTHY AND DISGUSTING! GLOATING OVER SUCH VIOLENCE AND BLOODLETTING... I WON'T LISTEN TO ANOTHER WORD OF IT!
CAPTAIN! THAT GIRL... WHO..?
THE COUNTESS DE VILLE! B-BUT WHY SHOULD SHE BE SO UPSET? ACTED LIKE YOU MIGHT HAVE BEEN DESTROYING HUMANS INSTEAD OF MONSTERS.

INTRIGUE FLARED IN THE BARON ALEXI... THE LOVELY COUNTESS PROVOKED HIS INTEREST... AND DREAD!
MADAME DE VILLE? YOU WON'T FIND HER ON DECK, BARON. ONLY LEAVES HER CABIN AT NIGHT... WON'T EVEN TAKE MEALS IN THE DAY!
HER BEHAVIOR AT DINNER, NOW THIS! A GIRL SO BEAUTIFUL... CAN IT BE?
WITH EACH PASSING NIGHT HIS SUSPICIONS GREW...
HER SKIN... SO WHITE AND PALE! THE HAIR... LONG AND FLOWING... COULD COVER ANY WOUNDS ON HER NECK...
YET THE TAINT OF MYSTERY SEEMED TO MAKE HER BEAUTY THE MORE FASCINATING... ALEXI COULD FEEL HIMSELF BEING DRAWN CLOSER AND CLOSER...
COUNTESS, ABOUT DINNER THE OTHER EVENING... I MUST APOLOGIZE FOR SAYING ANYTHING TO OFFEND...
I WAS FOOLISH TO GET SO UPSET, BARON ALEXI! PLEASE JOIN ME AND CALL ME CORINNE!
NEVER HAD ANY WOMAN EXERTED SUCH AN ATTRACTION FOR THE BARON... HIS FEELINGS BECAME UNCERTAIN, HIS INTENTIONS NO LONGER CLEAR...
WE DOCK TOMORROW MORNING, CORINNE... I MUST SEE YOU AGAIN! WE COULD MEET AFTER DISEMBARKING... PERHAPS LUNCH...
I'VE MADE OTHER ARRANGEMENTS, ALEXI, IT'S IMPOSSIBLE! BUT TOMORROW NIGHT... I COULD HAVE YOU FOR DINNER AT MY HOME!

ALEXI HAUNTED THE UNLOADING, GIVING UP WHEN EVERY PASSENGER HAD DEPARTED, WITHOUT CORINNE DE VILLE EVER HAVING BEEN SEEN!
CAREFUL, YOU DOLTS! THAT'S PROPERTY OF THE COUNTESS DE VILLE!
DOCK 4
THAT CRATE! ALMOST THE EXACT SIZE OF... A COFFIN!

THE BARON FOLLOWED CORINNE THROUGH THE VAST HALLS OF THE ARCHAIC STRUCTURE, CURSING HIMSELF FOR THE FASCINATION HER DARK-HAIRED BEAUTY STILL EXERTED...

THE FEAR-STRICKENED GIRL STUMBLED BACKWARD, CLAWING AND GRASPING AT ALL AROUND HER AS STEP BY STEP, ALEXI RELENTLESSLY ADVANCED!

CONSUMED WITH SHAME, ALEX! FLED BACK TO THE SOLITUDE OF HIS ROOM FOR A SLEEPLESS NIGHT, FOLLOWED BY A DAY OF REFLECTION AND DECISION...
IT'S DONE! ALL MY NOTES AND STUDIES... ALL THE TRAPPINGS OF MY DELUSIONS... NOW PERHAPS I CAN BE A MAN AGAIN, NOT A CRAZED NEUROTIC!
I'VE THOUGHT ABOUT EVERY-THING YOU SAID, CORINNE... IF YOU'RE STILL INTERESTED...
OH, ALEX!... OF COURSE I WANT YOU!
I DESTROYED EVERYTHING ... ALL THE EQUIPMENT I USED IN THAT OBSESSED, TORMENTED EXISTENCE... ALL BEHIND ME NOW!
ALEX!...
WHO'D THINK THAT SLENDER FRAME COULD HAVE SUCH STRENGTH... HER ARMS ARE SO TIGHT... I CAN'T--
CORINNE! MY NECK! WHAT ARE--YOU CAN'T BE-- A... A...

ALEXI'S SENSES REELED... HE SPRAWLED BACKWARD, DIZZY, WEAK, UNABLE TO STAND OR MOVE WITHOUT EFFORT...
A VAMPIRE? OH, BUT I AM, ALEXI! WE'VE WANTED TO STOP YOU FOR YEARS! HOW HAPPY I AM TO BE THE ONE TO DO IT!

THE ROOM FELT UNSTEADY BENEATH ALEXI, ROCKING AND SPINNING... HIS BREATH CAME HARDER AND SHORTER... IT WAS DIFFICULT TO THINK... SPEAK...
B-BUT... THE REFLECTION ...VAMPIRE... CAN'T...
I'M AFRAID I HAVEN'T PLAYED QUITE FAIR WITH YOU, DEAR...THAT WASN'T ME LAST NIGHT! YOU SEE, EVEN ON BOARD SHIP, I NEGLECTED TO MENTION I HAD...

SOMEWHERE A DOOR WAS OPENIG... FOOTSTEPS APPROACHED... SOMEONE WAS MOVING INTO RANGE OF ALEXI'S DIMMING VISION...
...A TWIN SISTER! LUCKILY, COLETTE HAS NO REFLECTION. PROBLEM... YOU SEE, SHE'S A GHOUL!
REMEMBER YOUR PROMISE, CORINNE! FOR HELPING OUT LAST NIGHT, I GET WHAT'S LEFT WHEN YOU'RE FINISHED!
GYAHHHHH
LOOKS LIKE THE COUNTESSES ARE REALLY BARON DOWN ON ALEXI... AFTER THE WAY HE ACTED, YOU WOULDN'T THINK THEY'D HAVE HIM FOR DINNER TWO NIGHTS IN A ROW! NICE GIRLS THOUGH, ANY OF YOU TWO-HEADED FANS EVER WANT A DOUBLE DATE... LOOK 'EM UP!

SO WE MEET AGAIN! HEE HEE HEE! I KNEW YOU COULDN'T KEEP FROM JOINING ME IN ANOTHER ***MONSTROUS MESS OF MURDEROUS MAYHEM!*** THE ***COMPULSION FOR REVULSION*** IS MUCH TOO STRONG FOR US TO BE ABLE TO IGNORE THE CALL FROM THE WORLD OF DARKNESS! SO ON THIS, ER, RATHER DREARY OCCASION, ALLOW ME TO PRESENT A ***WOEFUL TALE OF WITCHCRAFT,*** A SUBJECT THAT SOME CALL FACT, AND SOME CALL FANCY, BUT...HEE HEE... PERHAPS I SHOULD LET ***YOU*** BE THE ***JUDGE!***

TRIAL BY FIRE!

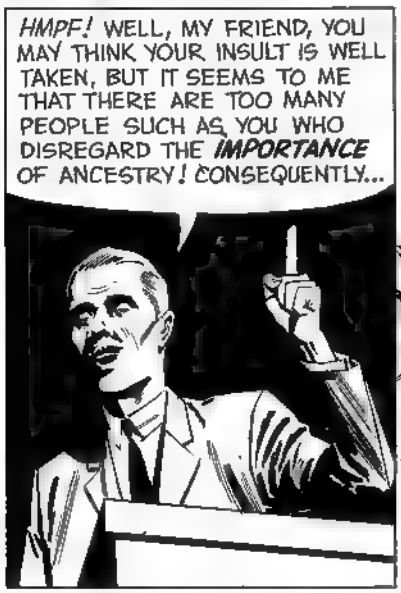
HEAR ME, YE UNHOLY POWERS OF THE NIGHT! AWAKEN TO MY CALL! GIVE TO ME THE STRENGTH AND POWER TO AVENGE MY ANCESTORS, FOR THE TIME IS ***NOW!***

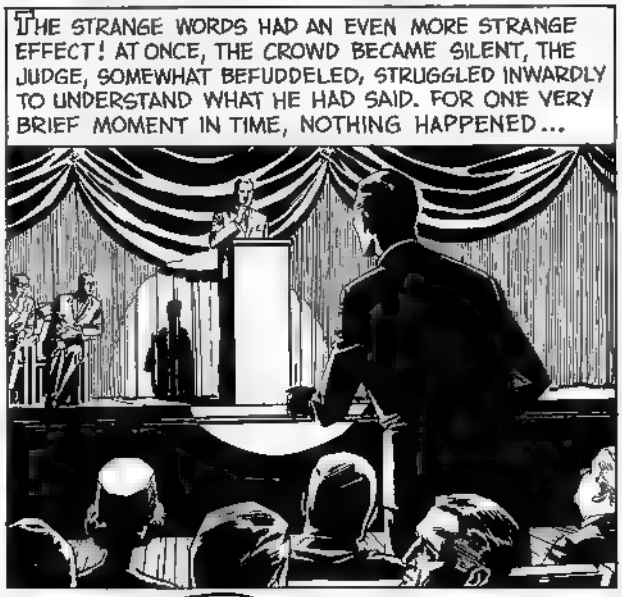
FOR YOU, JUDGE HARKER, THE END IS NEAR, FOR YOU ARE KIN TO THE FIRST JUDGE HARKER WHO BURNED ***MY*** ANCESTORS TO PURGE THEM OF ***WITCHCRAFT!*** FROM THIS NIGHT FORWARD, REVENGE UPON ***ALL*** THE WITCH-BURNING JUDGE HARKERS SHALL BE METED OUT TO ***YOU!***

REGA FLEXIS MUR!

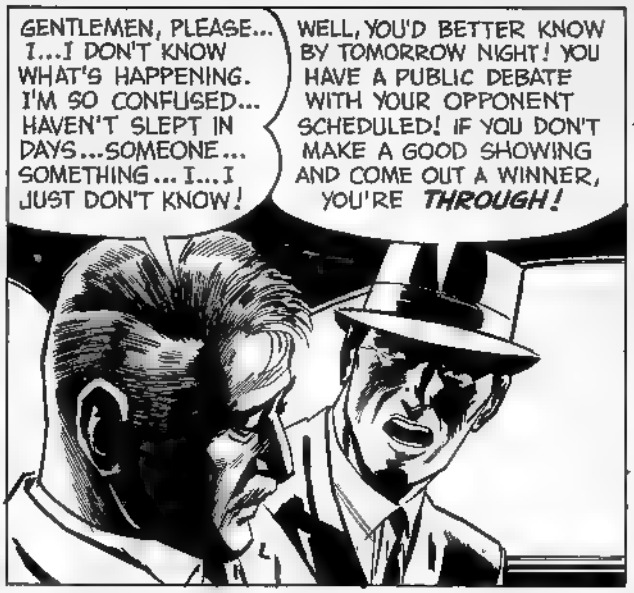
ART AND SCRIPT BY JAY TAYCEE

THE SCENE IS A SMALL NEW ENGLAND TOWN. THE TIME IS THE PRESENT. JUDGE ALFRED HARKER IS IN THE MIDST OF A TIGHTLY-CONTESTED POLITICAL CAMPAIGN, AND THIS NIGHT IS THE BEGINNING OF HIS DOWNFALL.





URGED ON BY THE JUDGE'S POLITICAL OPPONENTS WHO KEPT THE SUBJECT OF WITCHCRAFT BLAZING, THE NEWSPAPERS AND THE TOWNSPEOPLE TAUNTED HIM MERCILESSLY...
...AND NOW, IF ANY OF YOU GOOD PEOPLE HAVE ANY QUESTIONS...
JUDGE HARKER, IN VIEW OF YOUR NOBLE BACKGROUND AND ANCESTRY, I'D LIKE TO KNOW WHICH WITCHES YOU INTEND TO BURN FIRST... IF YOU'RE ELECTED!
I KNOW YOU, COUNCILMAN DAVIS! YOU'RE JUST TRYING TO BAIT AND RIDICULE ME TO FURTHER THE CAUSE OF YOUR OWN CANDIDATE! WELL, LET ME TELL YOU THIS...
REGA FLEXIS MUR!
REGA FLEXIS MUR!
JUDGE HARKER WAS UNABLE TO BELIEVE HIS OWN EARS! HE HAD HAD NO INTENTION OF MOUTHING THOSE RIDICULOUS WORDS, YET HE HAD DONE SO, AND EVERYONE HAD HEARD. COUNCILMAN DAVIS STAGGERED... AND FELL!
HE DID IT AGAIN!
JUDGE HARKER CAST A SPELL!
HE IS USING WITCHCRAFT!
THE CROWD ROARED ITS ANGER. INSULTS AND THREATS CASCADED AGAINST JUDGE HARKER'S EARS AS HIS FRIENDS QUICKLY HUSTLED HIM OUT OF THE AUDITORIUM...
YOU'RE A FOOL, HARKER! WHAT ARE YOU TRYING TO DO... RUIN US ALL?
I... I'M SORRY... I DON'T KNOW WHAT MADE ME... SAY IT...



THE CAR DEPOSITED JUDGE HARKER BEFORE HIS HOME AND DROVE OFF. AS HE CLIMBED THE STEPS TO THE FRONT DOOR, HE FELT HE HAD AGED A HUNDREDFOLD...

WEARILY, THE JUDGE RETIRED TO BED WHERE HE SLEPT FITFULLY. DURING THE FOLLOWING DAY HE SPENT EVERY MINUTE IN FEVERISH PREPARATION, AND WHEN, THAT EVENING, HE STRODE UPON THE PLATFORM TO FACE HIS OPPONENT, HE FELT READY... EVEN THOUGH HIS HAND TREMBLED...

...AND IN THE BASEMENT OF HIS HOME, HIS WIFE GILDA WAS ALSO READY...

THE DEBATE STARTED PEACEFULLY ENOUGH, BUT SOON GREW IN INTENSITY, FOR THE JUDGE KNEW HOW MUCH DEPENDED ON THE OUTCOME. HIS OPPONENT KNEW THAT HE, TOO, WAS ON THE VERGE OF SUCCESS: IF HE COULD MAKE THE JUDGE COMMIT ONE MISTAKE...

...AND I SAY TO ***YOU***, JUDGE HARKER, IF YOU KNEW HALF AS MUCH ABOUT ECONOMICS AS YOU DO ABOUT WITCHCRAFT...

WITCHCRAFT?! YOU BLUNDERING IDIOT! DON'T SPEAK TO ME OF WITCHCRAFT! ***REGA FLEXIS MUR!***

THE MOMENT THE WORDS SPRANG FROM HIS LIPS, THE JUDGE KNEW ALL WAS LOST. HE STAGGERED BACKWARD...THE CROWD WAS SUDDENLY RAISED TO FEVER PITCH... AND THE JUDGE'S OPPONENT FELL ***DEAD!***

GET HIM!

KILL HIM!

HE'S THE DEVIL'S OWN!

NOT FAR AWAY, THE JUDGE'S WIFE HURRIED TO THE FRONT DOOR TO ANSWER A FRANTIC KNOCKING...

WELL? WHAT IS IT?

MRS. HARKER, YOU'D BEST HURRY! THE TOWNSPEOPLE ARE DRAGGING YOUR HUSBAND TO THE TOWN SQUARE! THEY'RE GOING TO ***BURN*** HIM FOR PRACTICING ***WITCHCRAFT!***

DEEP IN THE BLACKNESS OF HER HEART, GILDA HARKER KNEW THAT HER REVENGE WAS ALMOST COMPLETE! SHE WANTED VERY MUCH TO SEE THE JUDGE BURN...TO SEE THE FINAL ACT... AND PRETENDING CONCERN FOR HIM, SHE RUSHED TOWARD THE SQUARE...

MY HUSBAND! MY HUSBAND! WHAT ARE THEY DOING TO YOU?!

IN THE SQUARE, THE MOB SURGED UNCONTROLLED! THE JUDGE IS ROUGHLY THROWN UP AGAINST A PILLAR... CORDS WRAPPED HURRIEDLY AROUND HIM...

STOP...OH, STOP! YOU'RE ALL WRONG... ALL WRONG!

HURRY UP!

YOU WON'T PRACTICE YOUR EVIL AROUND HERE ANYMORE!

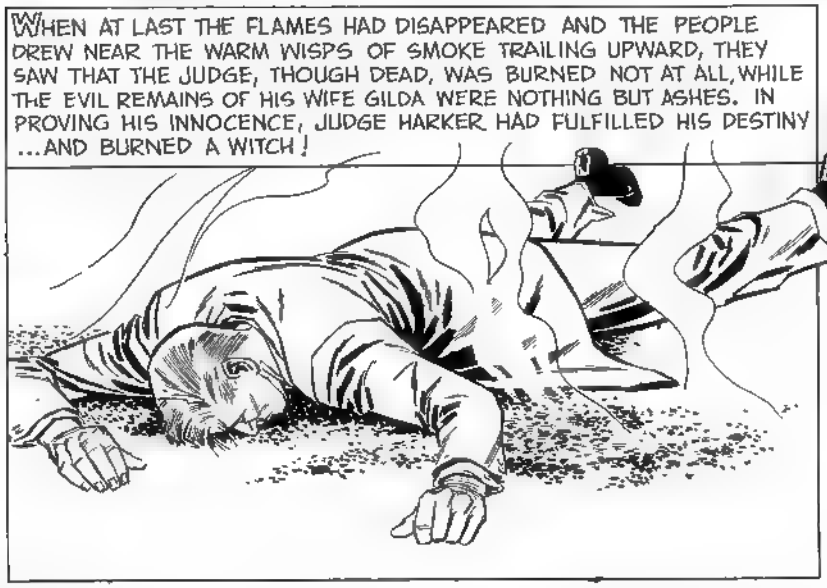
WOOD, GARBAGE, CLOTHING... ANYTHING THAT WILL BURN IS THROWN AT HIS FEET! HIS PLEAS GO UNHEARD, HIS PRAYERS UNANSWERED. THEN, THE KEROSENE...

...AND THE MATCH!
LET ME THROUGH! LET ME THROUGH!

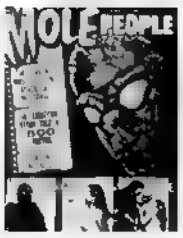
GILDA HARKER BURST INTO THE FOREFRONT OF THE CROWD AND GAZED WITH GLOATING SATISFACTION AT THE PYRE... BUT TO HER AUDIENCE SHE PRESENTED A DIFFERENT EMOTION...
STOP! YOU FIENDS! HELP HIM! DON'T LET HIM DIE! HELP HIM!

BUT AS SHE ENACTS HER ROLE, THE FLAMES BURN THROUGH THE BONDS ENCIRCLING THE DYING JUDGE, AND BY SOME REMOTE HAND, HE LURCHES FORWARD, FALLING HEAVILY UPON HIS WIFE...

TOGETHER, IN A FLAMING, TUMBLING MASS, THEY FALL TO THE GROUND. THE SICKENING THUD OF HER HEAD STRIKING PAVEMENT IS HEARD...AND THE CROWD GASPS AND DRAWS BACK AS FROM HER NOW BURNING BODY ISSUE THE DEMONS THAT RULED HER SOUL!


WHEN AT LAST THE FLAMES HAD DISAPPEARED AND THE PEOPLE DREW NEAR THE WARM WISPS OF SMOKE TRAILING UPWARD, THEY SAW THAT THE JUDGE, THOUGH DEAD, WAS BURNED NOT AT ALL, WHILE THE EVIL REMAINS OF HIS WIFE GILDA WERE NOTHING BUT ASHES. IN PROVING HIS INNOCENCE, JUDGE HARKER HAD FULFILLED HIS DESTINY ...AND BURNED A WITCH!
HEE, HEE! WITCH JUST GOES TO PROVE YOU CAN'T TRUST ANYBODY! SO DON'T BURN ANY WITCHES, GANG! THE LIFE YOU SAVE MAY BE YOUR MOTHER-IN-LAW! HEE HEE HEE!

500 HORROR PHOTOS IN EACH EXCITING MAGAZINE — ONLY 70¢ EACH!



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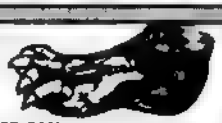

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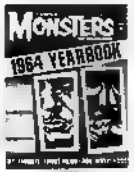

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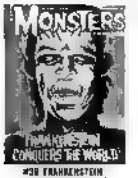

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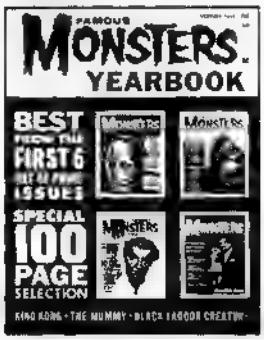

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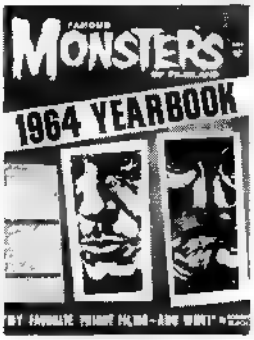

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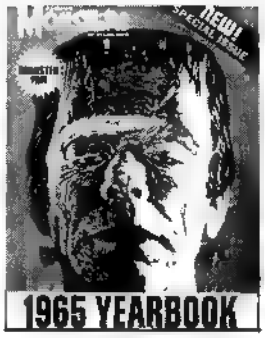

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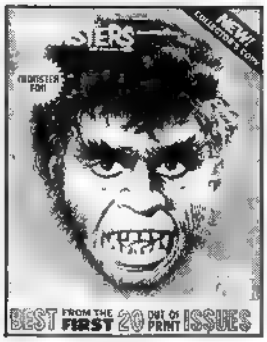

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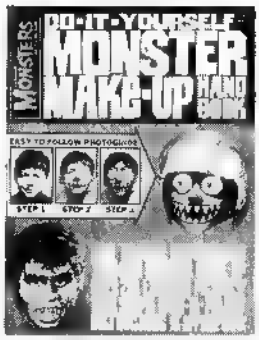

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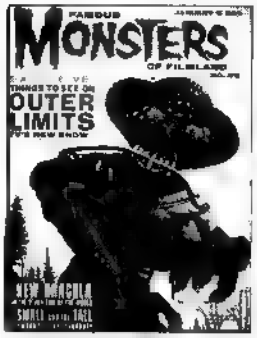

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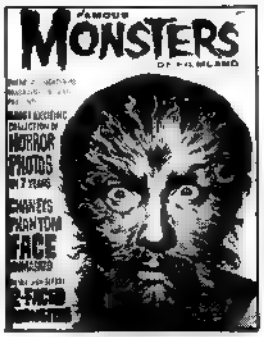

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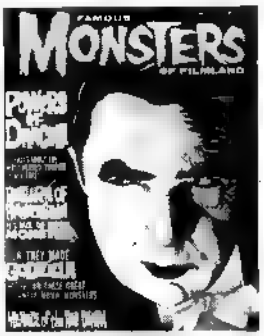
CHRISTOPHER LEE



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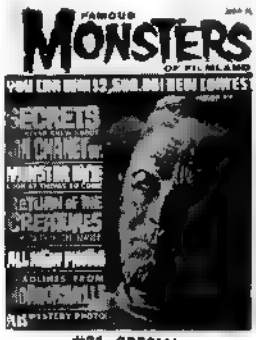

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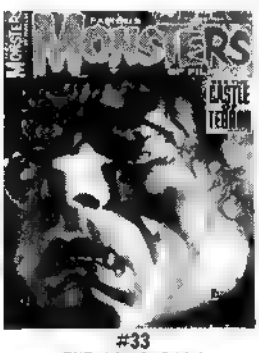

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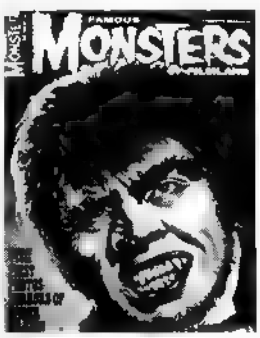

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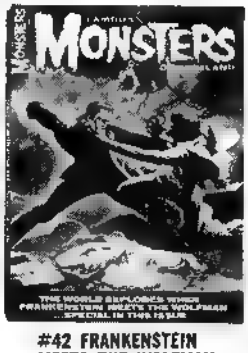

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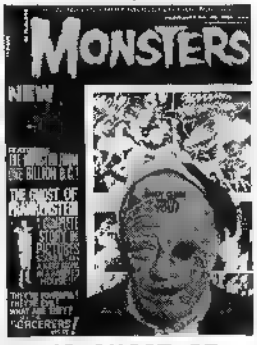

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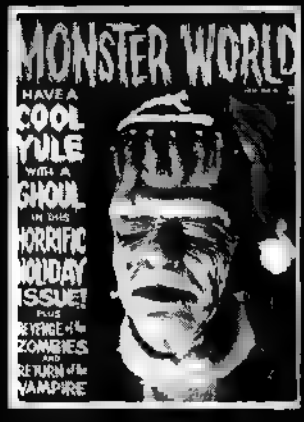

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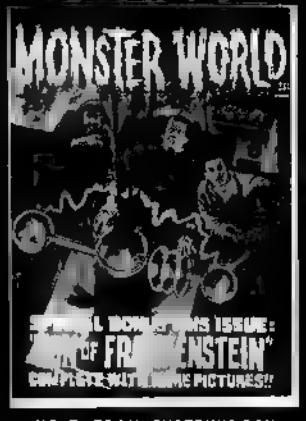

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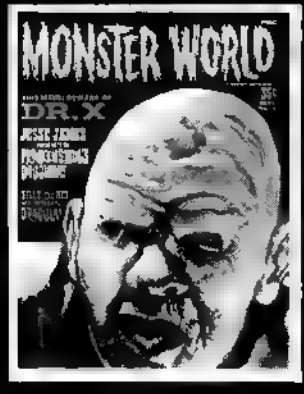

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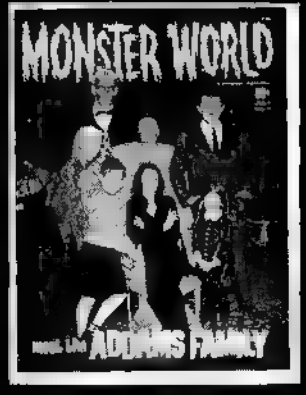

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SENSATIONAL...SARNO THE SNAKEMAN! WATCH HIM WRAPPED IN DEATH ...AND BRACE YOUR NERVES FOR HIS FAMOUS... "KISS OF DEATH"!
SARNO'S REALLY PACKING THEM IN TONIGHT TINY...THE CROWD IS LOOKING FOR DANGER..
FROM WHICH ONE... SARNO OR HIS SNAKE?
THEN...AS THE WINKING NEON MADNESS MINGLED INTO THE SHUFFLING CROWDS...SUDDENLY A WILD SCREAM PUNCTUATED THE WHIRL OF COTTON CANDY CONFUSION....
...ECHOING THROUGH THE FLASHING FANTASY OF THE FAIRWAY!
SSHREEEEEEE
HORRIBLE...LOOK HOW THE BODY'S SHRIVELED UP... WHAT COULD HAVE CAUSED THAT...MR ...MR...
NOVAK...LIEUTENANT NOVAK. I CAN'T FIGURE IT...NO SIGNS OF A STRUGGLE ...NO VISIBLE WOUNDS...EXCEPT FOR THOSE TWO, SMALL HOLES IN HIS NECK .... STRANGE...
TWO, SMALL HOLES YOU SAY?
YES...LOOKED TO ME LIKE SOME SORT OF...BITE!

BRRRR...THAT'S COLD! A HICCUP NOW COULD TURN THIS INTO A "STICKY" SITUATION...NO? BY THE LOOK OF "STINGS"... IT'S POSSIBLE SARNO'S SLITHERING SIDEKICK HAS A FEW SECRETS UNDER "WRAPPINGS"?
TINY...CERTAINLY YOU DON'T THINK THAT SARNO HAD ANYTHING TO DO WITH IT...DO YOU?
IT'S POSSIBLE BIMBO...THE THING THAT PUZZLES ME IS ...COULD SUCH A SMALL WOUND HAVE CAUSED HIM TO BLEED TO DEATH?
FUNNY THING ABOUT THE MURDERED MAN... HE APPARENTLY DIED FROM LOSS OF BLOOD. NO TRACES OF POISON WERE FOUND...
POISON... YOU MEAN HE COULD HAVE BEEN KILLED BY A...SNAKE?
YOU STAYED DOWN QUITE LONG TONIGHT MAGNUS... YOU GAVE THE CROWD A SCARE...
THAT'S WHAT THEY COME FOR...BUT NO NEED TO WORRY ...IT TOOK ME YEARS TO LEARN THAT TRICK...I KNOW IT WELL!
VERY WELL MY MAGICAL FRIEND...PERHAPS SOMEDAY YOU WILL TELL ME HOW IT'S DONE. BY THE WAY...WHAT HAPPENED TO YOUR MIRROR?
OH THAT... I HAVE NO NEED FOR ONE LIEUTENANT...WHY BOTHER TO FRIGHTEN MYSELF BY LOOKING AT THIS FACE... CHUCKLE...
AH...GOOD NIGHT LIEUTENANT NOVAK... OR BETTER...GOOD MORNING. COME TO MY PERFORMANCE TONIGHT...I EAT SPECIAL DESERT FOR YOU...
NITRO GLYCERENE!
BETTER WATCH THAT ...YOU DON'T WANT TO END THE ACT WITH THAT KIND OF A BANG.... HAHA HAHAHA...
FINALLY IN THE SHUFFLING MEMORY OF VANISHED CROWDS, AN EMPTY FAIRWAY SETTLED INTO THE SLUMBER OF A PEACEFUL DAWN...

TESSIE HAS FINISHED THE LAST OF HER CHOCOLATES...
....THE LAST FLAMING EMBERS OF ADRIAN'S BURNING BANQUET HAVE GONE OUT...
...AND BIMBO THE CLOWN LIES IN THE GROTESQUE SLUMBER OF A SLEEP FROM WHICH HE WILL NEVER AWAKEN!
EVERYONE ...IN HERE... BIMBO...HE'S BEEN MURDERED!
LOOK THERE...THOSE MARKS IN HIS NECK...SARNO HAD SOMETHING TO DO WITH THIS ...AND THAT FILTHY SNAKE OF HIS...
WHERE IS SARNO.. ...WHY ISN'T HE HERE?
MURDERER...WE'LL SHOW HIM CARNY JUSTICE...LET'S BURN HIM OUT!
...HIM AND THAT MONSTER...HE KILLED BIMBO FOR SURE... ADRIAN'S RIGHT...BURN HIM OUT!

FOOLS...WHAT ARE YOU DOING...YOU'RE MAD...STOP...
DON'T TRY TO FOOL US SARNO ...DENY THAT YOUR DISGUSTING SNAKE MURDERED BIMBO.... MURDERER...!!
MY SNAKE...YOU FOOLS... YOU'RE KILLING MY SNAKE ...NOOOO AAAEEEIIII..!!
WATCH OUT...THE TENT IS COLLAPSING...!!
SOON NOTHING REMAINED BUT THE SMOLDERING STENCH OF ASHES...DRIFTING INTO THE SICK SWEETNESS OF CANDY APPLE CONCESSIONS...
WE DIDN'T MEAN FOR THIS TO HAPPEN LIEUTENANT.
GOOD RIDDANCE TO SARNO AND THAT EVIL SNAKE I SAY...
THAT HIDEOUS SNAKE KILLED BIMBO...JUST AS SURE AS SARNO HAD DONE IT HIMSELF...
REALLY LIEUTENANT NOVAK... IT'S BETTER THIS WAY.WELL.., I'D BETTER HURRY..I HAVE TO GET READY FOR MY ACT...
YES..I GUESS SO...OH MAGNUS... DON'T FORGET...YOU PROMISED TO TEACH ME THAT LITTLE SECRET OF YOURS...MAYBE LATER?
YES...WHY NOT...AFTER THE SHOW...COME TO MY TENT... WE CAN HAVE SOME COFFEE...
I WONDER...SOMETHING JUST DOESN'T FIT...THOSE HOLES IN BIMBO'S NECK... AND WHY DOESN'T MAGNUS EVER GO NEAR A MIRROR... MAYBE HE'S GOT ANOTHER SECRET HE'S HIDING....

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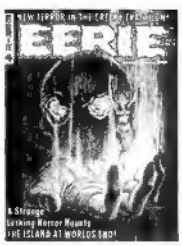

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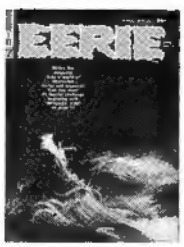

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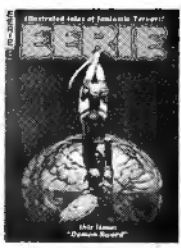

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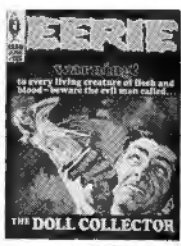

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